

IS YOUR PET SUPERSTITION SHARED BY KING, STATESMAN OR ACTOR?



NICHOLAS II
OF RUSSIA

The Fears of the Mighty.

How mascots and mirrors, days and dreams, are looked upon by the men and women in the public eye. Letters and numbers, lucky or unlucky, for singers and Senators, jockeys and judges, minstrels, mayors, and mighty monarchs.

APRIL First! The Feast of the Fool!

The student sees in the day the fast-disappearing remnants of those ancient masques and ceremonies which greeted the new year, in times when this fourth month came first of all the twelve. Modern youth sees in it merely a more or less licensed chance to "get even" with his elders. May not the festival also bring again before the utilitarian eyes of the present the world-old faith in superstition? April Fools Day may never fall on the thirteenth, but it can and does arrive on Friday once in awhile, and then even Halloween scarce surpasses it in the observances which show that mankind's belief in mascots, or fear of dreams or numbers, has not lessened with the years.

Caruso, the tenor, whose notes have a value quite on a par with those of a captain of finance, calls April his lucky month. But then the Cavalier Enrico believes that his immense good fortune is not wholly disconnected with the presence of some little French dolls, which sit before him on his desk, whether he be traveling from one triumph to another, or be resting at his Florentine villa. He doesn't admit this, but the fact remains—and the dolls.

"Yet, I am just a little superstitious in another way," he said recently. "Whenever I am nervous on the stage; when I am to jump into a brand new part, for instance, and feel my courage oozing out at my finger tips, I think of my mother. She has been dead this many a year, but I think of her. The courage comes back to me, then. Then I know I cannot fail. This is my superstition—but don't think too much of that doll story!"

Musicians and Mascots

Musical artists seem naturally to take to something of this sort. The great Spanish violinist, Sarasate, never plays in public, that he does not have about him somewhere a tiny silver replica of the Stradivarius instrument on which Paganini played. Paderewski ever carries in his vest pocket, fastened to a light, strong chain, which passes about the wearer's neck, the golden ring with which he wedded his first wife. It was her death, it may be recalled, and the consequent necessity of supporting his baby son, that drove the greatest living pianist to his first concert.

Emma Calve's mascot is a photograph of the late Queen Victoria. Early in her career she once sang before that royal lady, and the praise she then won, so she herself has always said, had much to do with her later successes. So it is that this picture of the mother of England's present monarch, heavily framed in carved silver, goes everywhere with the diva. To her Victoria is a sort of patron saint, before whose shrine she is not ashamed to pray. It was Victoria, too, who sent Mme. Calve the mysteriously inscribed Hindoostan topaz which she wears. It is her amulet—the outward and visible sign of that good luck which, "the best of Carstens" seems to enjoy in such large

measure. Only once has she sung without it about her neck, and that one time, she vehemently insists, fell a flat failure.

The greatest musician of modern times, Richard Wagner, believed most strongly that thirteen was his luck number. He was born in 1813, the numerals of which, added, make 13. The letters of his name total at 13. He finished "Tannhauser" on April 13 (1860), and it was sung on March 13 of the year following. On a February 13 he died (1883).

The Pros and Cons of 13

Governor Warfield, of Maryland, thinks as did Wagner. He, too, has thirteen letters to his name, while he was elected the 13th chief executive of his State by a vote of 13,000, and inaugurated (1904) on January 13.

Carter Harrison looks at the other side of the penny. His pet superstition, perhaps, lies in his dislike to turn back to house or office for a thing forgotten—in such a case he invariably sits down for a time to do something connected with house or office routine before again venturing out, and he declines to begin anything of importance on a Friday, but thirteen at table is his chief bete noir.

At least four of Europe's notables share this dread of Chicago's ex-mayor. Miss Lettice Fairfax, London's latest beauty, and the talented Countess of Mar and Kellie, must share their table pleasures with either more or less than the baker's dozen, and it is a well-known fact that Margherita, the Dowager Queen of Italy, has ever in waiting a pleasant-mannered, good looking aide to play fourteenth guest whenever the thirteen terror appears. And worst of them all, however, is Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. When, not long ago, he went to Bourgas to open his new harbor, it is said that he snubbed the mayor for no other reason than that he had thirteen children and had announced himself as proud of it. However this may be, it is certain that the minister of public works, feeling obliged to refer to the prince's initiation (in 1892) of the now-completed work, began as follows: "Twelve years and twelve months ago, your highness," etc. So all went well.

The thirteenth Leo believed his life had been strangely ruled by the figure nine. For nine years he was a scholar at Riese, nine years a student at Padua, nine years a curate at Tamolo, nine years a priest at Sanzano, nine years Card-

inal-Patriarch of Venice—though then the coincidence closed; he sat in the chair of Peter twenty-six years.

Senator Alger, while not what one might call a superstitious man, yet confesses to a tender spot in his heart for the 7-11 combination. He was at a New York hotel the other day (having arrived on the 7th of the month and one of a party of seven) when an express package was brought to his room. Strange as it may seem, authentic witnesses have averred that it was numbered 77-11, had been delivered by a wagon numbered 117, called for 77 cents charges, and was franked by the Michiganander from pass book No. 7.

The man's whole life helps to bear out this odd idea:

He was born February 27, 1836. His two parents died when he was eleven years old.

He then worked on a farm for seven years.

He was admitted to the bar March 7, 1859.

He became colonel of the Fifth (Michigan) Cavalry, June 11, 1863.

He was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers June 11, 1864.

He was brevetted major general, June 11, 1865.

He was appointed as Secretary of War in 1897, and he was elected a Senator on September 27.

Fridays and Tuesdays

Very much this same sort of story is told of the often-dreaded Friday by Judge Charles Swaine, of Florida. The sixth day of the week has seen him both nominated and confirmed for office, and though he was impeached on the same day, with his trial opening, too, on that day, yet it was a Friday when he was acquitted.

Mrs. Langtry and King Carlos of Portugal, appear as the Friday platinettes. The one will write no notes that day, start then on no journeys, open then no dramatic engagement; while the plump Portuguese monarch so dreads the day

that once, during his recent English visit, having to make a Friday address, he became so flustered as to knock a pot of flowers off the verandah, which, in falling, smashed on the helmet of a British soldier standing below. Let it also be chronicled, however, that the royal believer in omens at once recovered enough composure to say the surprised, but uninjured man: "I have been a sportsman my life and bagged lots of big game, but I never before potted

head of a soldier of my cousin Edward's."

The last-named royalty swears by Tuesday, quite as the beautiful Princess von Hatzfeldt does by Wednesday, of which she is quoting: "It's the best day for everything." On various Tuesdays



IGNACE PADEREWSKI



CARUSO



EMPEROR WILLIAM II OF GERMANY



KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL



QUEEN MARGHERITA OF PORTUGAL



KING EDWARD VII OF ENGLAND

Farlington always wears two ancient Egyptian anklets, rather curious than valuable; while Mrs. Leslie Carter is possessed not only of a "luck-stone," carried in her corsage (it has twice postponed automobile accidents till she had left the car, she says), but also a wonderful Persian "prayer-chain," whose ornaments bear the following words—a charm against the "evil eye":

"Our Lord protect our heart-ravishing beloved, protect her from terror. Command, O Lord! Give order! Our idol lead tenderly. Open the easy way before her. Command, O Lord!"

The live mascots of the playgoers' favorites are Miss Jessie Bateman's canary and Miss Hilda Hanbury's pug dog. This fat little beast was purchased the very day the beautiful actress made her first great hit at the Savoy (London), and she connects the two events.

Royalty, too, loves its amulets. Nicholas of Russia wears constantly a ring in which lies embedded what is reputed to be a piece of the true cross and carries in his pocket some old silver coins, once blessed and sent him by a holy missionary of the Greek Church, working in Central Asia. The Kaiser also owns a magic ring, whose stone, according to a venerable legend, was brought to John, elector of Brandenburg, by a frog. It was Frederick the Great who first had so peculiarly Hohen-zollern a treasure set in the form it now bears, since which time it has always been the personal property of the head of that imperial house. It may be characteristic to add, however, that the present wearer puts not too much trust in it—he always carries a loaded revolver.

Queen Alexandra possesses a cross supposed always to bring good luck to its owner, it having been found, when lost by Queen Dagmar of Denmark, through the prayers of that beautiful lady's chaplain. The Duchess of Orleans believes good fortune smiles on her through a set of sapphires once the property of Marie Antoinette; Mrs. Clarence Mackay pins her faith upon a weird carnelian necklace, which once graced the neck of some daughter of the Pharaohs; and the Countess of Essex (who was Miss Adele Grant, of New York, before she married the earl), declares her Angora cat is to be thanked directly for her present nappy life.

A Princess and a Yachtsman

Victoria of Teck, Princess of Wales, is just as superstitious as most of the rest of her imperial connections. Not so long ago she is said to have appeared before her husband, to tell tearfully of her having broken a mirror, in consequence of which (of course!) her favorite cat had died. The next day the prince returned her call, asking if any more pets had departed this life, "for," said he, "I went and broke four glasses yesterday, just as soon as you had left me."

The stage, the palace, the deck of a good ship—on these three superstition surely flourishes. Sir "Tommy" Lipton may be given in instance of your true old salt's belief in omens. Just before his last visit here, to lift the America's Cup, he met at Bayonne an Epworth League girl, whose name was Coxon. "That is the ancient form of cox-wain, you know," he said to Mr. Lipton after, "so, of course, I exchanged flowers with her—and I only regret now that I never thought to kiss the back of her hand to bind the spell."

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Edward VII of England was born, baptized, married and acceded to the throne. On a Tuesday (1872) he attended a thanksgiving service for his recovery from a dangerous fever, and on another Tuesday (1902) his physicians declare they again saved his life, by operation.

Dreams and Talismans

To get back to the footlight world, where superstition seems to thrive, one finds both Anna Held and Marie Studholme firm believers in dreams, both as predicting good and warning of ill. Pretty Mistress Studholme has said she had much rather be booed for eight performances hand-running than have night visions of falling walls or long flights of stairs.

The mascots of the "profession" are well nigh numberless. Mme. Bernhardt's is a necklace of gold nuggets, given her years ago by some California miners; Irene Vanbrugh's is a gorgeous turquoise girdle; Nina